

# The Saturday News

SEVENTH YEAR. NO. 13

EDMONTON, ALBERTA, SATURDAY, MARCH 16, 1912

PRICE FIVE CENTS

## Jasper's Note Book

Dr. Grenfell, our visitor of this week, is a man who has done something really worth while and, like most of those who have, conveys above everything else an impression of genuine modesty and total absence of what is known as "side." A portion of one of the addresses that he gave especially deserves quoting.

"I don't want to be placed on a pedestal as a hero," he declared. "I do this work because I like it."

"I have just recently visited Florida, and I would prefer to live in Labrador. It is easier to get warm in a cold country than it is to keep cool in a warm country. If faced with the alternative of freezing and roasting, I think I would prefer the former. Of course, we lack many of the so-called comforts of civilization but we can do without them. I believe that since I came out I have run far greater danger from eating too much than ever I did in Labrador from eating too little. One gets such a good appetite there that one can relish a simple meal without the aid of sauce."

This is a cheerful philosophy and we can stand an application of the spirit of it without going to Labrador. Most of the things that we long most ardently for we are very much better without. When a man hears Dr. Grenfell talk as he did of the bleak coast where he had done his great work, it should make him ashamed of the unreasonableness of some of the complaints that he has indulged in from time to time over things as he has found them in this part of the world.

We do not hear the croakers as often as we did a few years ago. But as long as that loving friend of Canada's, the London John Bull, is in existence some of them will apparently always be able to get into print. The following appeared in his column the other day:

We are still hearing from our many friends in Canada, "Calgary has been boomed very much," says one of them, "but a greater part of the so-called prosperity is merely on paper." Here, as in the eastern part of the 'God's Own Country,' sham, shabby, lying laziness, and the most fearful conceit reign supreme. A sixteen years' resident told me the other day that if a Canadian ceased to swear he would lose the power of speech, for this is his natural means of expressing his thoughts and feelings. One is constantly told that there is no poor there. How is it then that The Morning Albertan recently stated that the number of nameless graves of unknown people who have died through starvation would astonish the inhabitants? They talk out here of 'Canada for the Canadians.' What I say to people at home is, 'Let 'em have it.'

As there have been no such persons die of starvation, the Albertan will not find much difficulty in having its denial accepted that it ever made the statement referred to. What object John Bull can have in pursuing its lying campaign it is impossible to understand.

As we come to learn more of the parts of the world that lie further from the tropics than our own, we should appreciate better the folly of casting slurs at its climatic conditions. Captain Roald Amundson in the striking narrative which he gave to the public this week told how the 14th of December was a most beautiful sunny day at the South Pole, the thermometer standing but nine and a half degrees below zero. There were few places in Canada that could stand comparison with it just about that time.

Or think of the mild, bright weather that Alberta has enjoyed for two months back and then look at the illustrations that some of the Ontario newspapers are publishing, showing the way everything has been tied up there by excessive cold and heavy blizzards. In the Toronto Star Weekly, for instance, is an illustration of three engines in action behind a snow plow, trying to get the line between Toronto and Owen Sound clear.

The Edmonton council has been holding back the annual grant to the Board of Trade, a proposal having been made that a publicity bureau be established to take over the work that the Board has done in exchange for the money which it has received each year.

Considerable criticism of the methods which have been employed was given expression to at the council board. Little of this was well founded. The Board has not adopted the sensational methods that have been followed by many of the publicity bureaus that other cities have created and some people are accordingly led to believe that it has been cheap. Nothing could be further from the truth.

Information which Mr. Fisher has given them and the pains that he has gone to in looking after them while here they have freely acknowledged and the testimony which they have given of Edmonton and its territory has been such that no purchased space in the publications for which they write could approach it in usefulness.

that under the conditions that have existed for a long while back there have not been more catastrophes and their legal consequences to deal with.

The traffic which has to pass over this structure is reaching enormous proportions and the high level and the east-end bridges cannot be finished a day too soon for public safety and convenience. In the meanwhile, the utmost precautions are imperative on the old one. With the development that is taking place on the south side the coming season is bound to see its capacity badly strained.

Mayor Armstrong has decided that the post-office on the south side of the river should be known as Edmonton A. This is awkward. There would be no harm in continuing to designate it simply "Strathcona Post-office, Edmonton."

The name Strathcona will undoubtedly be used in conversation for a great many years as applying to a district of Edmonton. Brooklyn has been part of the Greater City of New York for upwards of ten years now and there is no tendency to drop the name. The same is true of Parkdale in Toronto and of sections of other cities that were once independent municipalities. Whatever it is decided to call the post-office on Whyte Avenue officially people will refer to it as the Strathcona office and they might as well be followed.

The council gave the latest proposition for the establishment of a gas plant no consideration at all, simply stating that the people wanted a municipal plant and that there was no use discussing the giving of a franchise to a company.

There is no conclusive evidence that popular opinion is as interpreted by the council. When the Faich proposal was submitted it fell only a few votes short of receiving the approval of two-thirds of the electorate. In that instance there was not a little prejudice against the company which was seeking the privilege. It had already been granted a franchise and had failed to act upon it in the time specified. Besides the men behind the enterprise were strangers.

Those who sought to do business with the city during the past week were Alberta citizens of high standing. They were willing to put up \$50,000 that they would have five miles of gas mains completed by November 15th and supply gas at a price which would compare very favorably with that paid by other cities in the Dominion.

On the face of it their proposition looked like a good one and it was at least well worth going into and passing on to the citizens to express their opinion of it. The cost of taking the vote would be met by the company.

"We have plenty of work to do," Ald. East is reported to have said, "to carry out the vast improvements that are under way in the city and we have not the time to go into this matter."

Because the city has so much else to do looks to some people as a pretty good reason why it should be wise to turn over the duty of supplying gas to a company, provided that an equitable arrangement could be made with it.

Gas is badly needed. Has the council any assurance that it will be able to supply it to the citizens by the 15th of November or that it will be able to sell it as cheaply as the company offered to, and at the same time make the enterprise pay its way? These are questions that the mayor and aldermen should answer.

An effort should be made to have the question reopened.

The Toronto Globe says:

"An Edmonton man has sold for \$850,000 145 acres of land in that city he bought for \$1,450 in 1898. The men who do business and live in Edmonton will for untold generations have to pay over \$50,000 a year as interest on that one man's share of the unearned increment. No wonder Edmonton has decided in favor of the taxation of land values rather than improvements."

The city's taxation system is a good thing in itself, and incidentally it has been the means of giving us a very valuable advertisement. Nor are those with property to sell likely to overlook the advertising value of such a comment on the upward trend of prices as the above. The advance noted is sensational but it is no more than in keeping with the actual progress that has been made in the fourteen year period referred to. The jump in bank clearings is quite as marked as that in land.

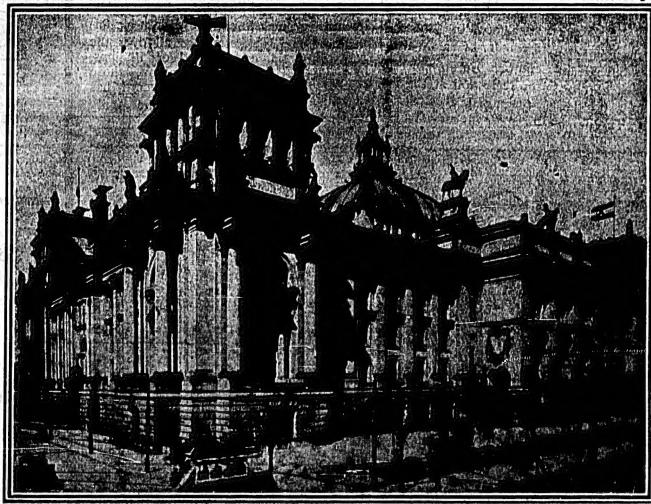
Continued on Page Eight



H. R. H. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT AT WASHINGTON.

One only needs to travel about a little or be a fairly constant reader of the newspapers and magazines, published at a distance, to realize what an amount of the most useful publicity Edmonton has received as a result of the quiet but steady work which has been done under the direction of Mr. Fisher, the Board of Trade secretary. It is very doubtful if any western city ever has been given as

A wide variety of visitors go through the Board of Trade rooms in the course of a single month. The man who is making investigations quietly with a view to having some enterprise that will contribute to the upbuilding of the country and the city launched invariably comes away pleased and satisfied with what has been done for him in the pursuit of his task. The importance of all this should not be minimized.



ASSEMBLY HALL OF THE GERMAN REICHSTAG

In Which the National Legislature of the Kaiser's Empire which was Elected Recently Will Meet.

effective advertising at so small a cost. Flaring displays, at a heavy rate per inch, in the advertising columns of certain eastern mediums, have been indulged in spasmodically by rival publicity agents. But it is certain that they have not accomplished anything like as much as the policy which is adopted in Edmonton of paying close attention to particular individuals who were in a position to spread the intelligence of what we have to offer.

Scouts of journalists have come through the West in recent years for the purpose of finding out the truth regarding the country. The value of the

air. But the public at large knows little of the work of this character, that is going on. One has to be in close touch with the activities of the Board to appreciate the service that it is rendering and it would be a mistake to alter the lines on which it has been proceeding in the past.

An action against the city for damages arising out of an accident on the bridge across the river has been successful. Only a small sum was awarded and the municipality may consider itself in luck, not only on this account but in view of the fact

## The Playboy Who Has Become the Disturber of The Western World

The Court Theatre in Sloane Square is where such Londoners as care for the genius of Yeats and Synge and Lady Gregory resort to enjoy the work of the Irish players. Now these same Irish players have been arrested in Philadelphia for immorality, after having had police protection in New York. As everyone knows, the Irish are a moral people. There is no hint of immorality in "The Playboy of the Western World," but having seen this play by John Synge it must appear the most natural thing in the world to a Canadian that the Irish-American should desire to have the Irish players arrested.

John Synge, an Irishman of genius, was discovered by Yeats in the Latin Quarter of Paris, about 1900. He was studying German and French literature, and before that had wandered over Europe playing his fiddle to Italian sailors and listening to stories in Bavarian woods. Yeats advised him to "give up Paris, go to the Aran Islands, live there as if you were one of the people themselves, express a life that has never found expression." He wrote half a dozen plays, and a book of poems, using as he said "no other words but those he had heard used by the Aran peasants. He died in 1909 under an operation in Dublin in his thirty-eighth year.

"The Playboy of the Western World," opens in a little country inn. Christie, a peasant boy, comes to this inn at night, a rough depressed youth, frightened and uncouth. Pegeen Mike, whose father keeps the inn, tells his story out of him. He had had a life passing all endurance with his father, who worked him in the field night and day, and finally threatened him with an old wife who had a little money. The boy refused, and the father beat him to the point of desperation, when he lifted his "loy" and split his father's skull. So he was the murderer of his father and scared out of his wits.

But Pegeen Mike and her father and the drinkers who frequented the inn think Christie a wonderful boy, an heroic murderer. Three girls and a widow in the neighborhood come to gaze at him. They all want to marry him. He is the catch and hero of the neighborhood. Christie's spirit revives under this treatment and he becomes a most engaging and adventurous youth, beating every contestant in the countryside at running and "leaping" and such-like sports. He is madly in love with Pegeen and Pegeen Mike is madly in love with him. Synge's extraordinary poetical endowment rises to its height in the scenes between Pegeen Mike and Christie. The moon and the stars come into the room when they are talking love to one another. All the great love of all the world, Helen of Troy, Nero, and Lysander, well might envy these two Irish peasants the ecstatic words in which they reveal how they love each other.

While all this is going on Christie's father, who has not been killed after all, comes to the inn looking for a cowardly, lying, good-for-nothing son who had hit him out in the fields. Christie falls at his feet, the embodiment of craven fear. All his admirers turn against him, even Pegeen Mike. frantic at losing her love, he means to regain it, and rushing out again with a "loy," he kills his father the second time. But instead of admiring him for it, the company now mean to hand him over to the police, and Pegeen helps to tie him with rope. During a scene which would distress any heart, the father, still alive, crawls into the room, his head tied up with a bloody rag. But now he is convinced that he has the finest son in the world. He invites Christie home with him. He can have anything he wants. Together they would make an invincible partnership. Pegeen Mike and the company are again struck with admiration for the

(Continued on Page 3.)

## Music and Drama

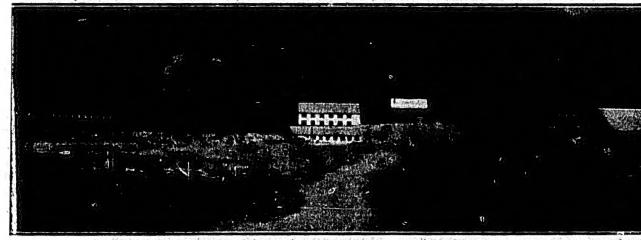
Arnold Daly, in a miscellaneous entertainment at the Plaza Hotel in New York recited part of Wilde's "Ballad of Reading Jail," under unusual circumstances. The Tribune recounts them: "Before the recitation began the lights were suddenly turned out leaving the audience in total darkness. Slowly the curtains parted and revealed a long shaft of golden light, which slanted through a small grated window high up at one side of the sage and fell upon a figure in convict's garb in the opposite corner, sitting in a wooden chair and leaning forward on a bare wooden table, head buried between his arms. The room was a reproduction of Wilde's cell in Reading. Slowly the figure stirred, turned heavily and looked up into the bar of sunlight, then spoke the opening words. Mr. Daly has a pifable voice, and the kind of force that brought a deeply personal feeling out of the lines. When the voice ceased and the curtains were slowly drawn together the audience was caught in a spell of silence, all thinking the character was freed from everything that is not a part of that action; and whether it is, as in the less important kinds of drama, a mere bodily activity, a hairbreadth escape or the like, or as it is in the more important kinds, an activity of the soul of the characters, it is an energy and an eddy of life purified from everything but itself."

What attracts one to drama is that it is, in the most obvious way, what all the arts are upon a last analysis. A farce and a tragedy are alike in this, that they are a moment of intense life. An action is taken out of all other actions, it is reduced to its simple form, or, at any rate, to as simple a form as it can be brought to without losing the sense of its place in the world. The characters that are involved in it are freed from everything that is not a part of that action; and whether it is, as in the less important kinds of drama, a mere bodily activity, a hairbreadth escape or the like, or as it is in the more important kinds, an activity of the soul of the characters, it is an energy and an eddy of life purified from everything but itself.

The dramatist must picture life in action, with an unpreoccupied mind, as the musician pictures life in sound and the sculptor in form.

(Continued on Page Five)

Paris dispatches record the triumph at the Opera



THE NEW MILL AT THE BEAVER MINE.

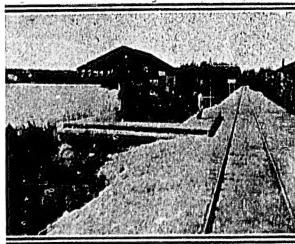
Photo taken from the current report of the Ontario Bureau of Mines

### A SHIPPING KING

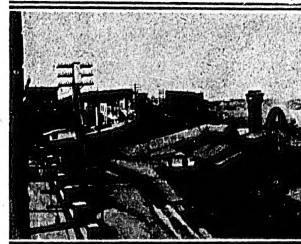
All the British business world is talking of the amazing enterprise of Sir Owen Phillips, familiarly styled the colossus of shipping. Still on the right side of fifty, his exploits as a business builder have placed him in the very front line of the magnates of commerce. All this has been achieved in seven strenuous years. Sir Owen Phillips first began to make good when he took charge of the affairs of the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company, which he reorganized and raised to a position of financial security. This done,

ever controlled totaling 300 ships, with a tonnage of 1,270,000. Merchants are now asking one another if the Phillips combine is out after a corner in shipping and persistent rumor has already marked out the Orient Line as the next prize.

Before Sir Owen Phillips hustled to such startling effect in British shipping circles, he sampled life as a politician, and entered Parliament in 1906 as a Liberal member of a Welsh constituency. He did not offer himself for reelection at the last general election, and thus cut short a promising political career.



Seseckinika, headquarters of the Scandinavian colony



Cobalt, from a hotel balcony

he cooperated with Lord Pirrie in the formation of the large shipping trade managed by the late Sir Alfred Jones, and amalgamated the two interests into one concern, with a capital of ten million dollars.

Realizing the importance of the future opportunities in the Far East that will follow the opening of the Panama Canal, he secured control of the Pacific Steam Navigation Company and at one bound became a magnate in the South African field by the absorption of the Union-Castle Line. By this final deal Sir Owen Phillips becomes the boss of the greatest mercantile fleet any one man has

in spite, however, of his absorption in his shipping combine, Sir Owen is not a man of one idea. He is one of the active presidents of the London and South Western Railroad and of the St. Thomas' Dock Engineering Company, vice-chairman of the Port of London, authority and chairman of the West African section of the London Chamber of Commerce. And, as he is also actively interested in various philanthropic institutions, one wonders what leisure he has at his disposal to use any of his four London clubs, or to visit Amroth Castle his magnificent residence in Pembrokeshire.

A simple and good rule to remember and to follow is to buy nothing in the baking powder line unless all the ingredients are plainly printed in English on the label. This information is slanted on every package of Magic Baking Powder. All Grocers sell it.

"A man tried to pick my pockets in the street yesterday, but my wife prevented him."

"Did she grapple with him, or just scream?"

"Neither; she wasn't there."

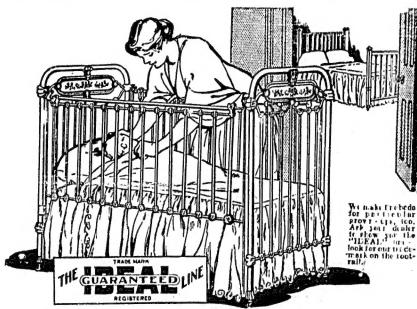
"Then how could she prevent him?"

"She had been through my pockets first!"

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# THE SATURDAY NEWS

# Edmonton Cricket League

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# SMOKER

AT

# CORONA HOTEL

# 21st March

Commencing at 8.30 p.m.

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Presentation of the Press  
Trophy

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TICKETS Including Refreshments \$1.25

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BERLINER GRAM-O-PHONE CO. LIMITED MONTREAL

Why Not a Victrola for Xmas? \*

VICTROLA

## MUSIC AND DRAMA

Continued From Page Tw

I saw Robert B. Mantell back in the early nineties, when he was considered a young actor of considerable promise. "The Face in 't' Moonlight," and kindred plays were his offerings then. Ten years later he was touring the country playing Shakespeare for the most part. The company conveyed the impression that it was very much on its uppers. The staging was most inlaquate, and people were in the habit of extending sympathy to Mr. Mantell, who was regarded as going slowly down and out in a vain effort to realize his artistic ideals.

Then a half dozen years or so ago the New York papers came out one day with most flattering notices of a Shakespearian production which he had made there. He went on from success to success, and undoubtedly stands to-day generally recognized the most foremost exponent of Shakespeare on the continent.

Having thus watched his strange career I was naturally very much interested in his visit to Edmonton this week. He was greeted with a very large house at the Empire on Thur's day, when he played "King Lear." The Mantell of twelve or fifteen years ago had not changed. The spirit of his work was essentially the same. He had a better company about him and the setting was superb. That was all the difference.

There are few more sorrowful figures in the world of the stage than that of the old mad king of Britain, and Mr. Mantell carries home with wonderful force the deep tragedy that pervades the role. The scene with Gloucester in the fourth act where he appears with the mock emblems of his kingly dignity upon him, and that in which he became reduced to Cordelia, have rare power.

The company with which Mr. Mantell surrounds himself is a wonderfully good one. The outstanding member of the cast is Mr. Fritz Leibler, whose Edgar was something to long remember. If there is one thing we must have in Shakespeare it is clear enunciation. The lack of this was a serious fault on the part of the bulk of the company, Mr. Leibler being a very decided exception. An audience can do without elaborate staging better than it can afford to lose any of the lines. Their beauty and dignity has carried many an unambitious production through.

## THE INVESTOR

Continued From Page Three

Since the foregoing paragraph in reference to the month's bank clearings was written, the news comes that for the week ending Thursday Edmonton stood in sixth place with \$4,206,287, Calgary standing \$3,958,149, while Ottawa was \$4,627,792.

Another block, it is announced, will go up on Jasper Avenue during the summer, George Brown and Co. having obtained a ninety-nine year lease of the property at the southwest corner of Jasper and on which they propose to erect a ten storey structure, part of which is to be used for theatre purposes.

The Cochrane gold has petered out about as quickly as did that in Manitoba. The Vancouver province had this to say editorially of the alleged discovery:

"Cochrane, which is the locality of the alleged find, is in the foothills, and the formation of the country is decidedly mineral. Farther north, in the Edmonton district, there have been attempts at mining for years, and the Saskatchewan River is regarded by old prospectors as hoarding beneath its waters immense riches in the most precious of the metals. Indeed, as far back as 1880, that is over thirty years ago, a company was formed in Toronto for the purpose of dredging the Saskatchewan for gold. The enterprise, which had abundant capital behind it, failed just as all or most of the subsequent mining ventures set afoot in Canada have failed, because the machinery used was not equal to the task of recovering the gold from the bottom of the river. That the gold was there, however, and is still there is the opinion of those who profess to have studied the country through which the river flows from its source."

## BORN

Haines—On Sunday, March 10, to Mr. and Mrs. D. Robert Haines, Fifty Street, Edmonton, a daughter.

Derby—On Monday, March 11, to Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Derby, 338 Eighth Street, a son.

## SHOUTS THE NEWS FROM THE HOUSETOPI

That Dodd's Kidney Pills Cure Suffering Women.

Mrs. Savard Tells How They Cured Her Kidney Disease From Which She Had Been a Sufferer for Many Years.

St. Simeon, Doriel, Charles voix Co., Que., March 11 (Spec- ial).—Only those who have suffered know the blessings of perfect health. The joy that it brings into their lives makes them want to shout the good news from the rooftops. They want other sufferers to know the road to health. Such is the case with Mrs. Alfred Savard of this place.

"I have been a sufferer for many years with Kidney Disease," Mrs. Savard says, "Reading an advertisement telling what Dodd's Kidney Pills had done for a similar sufferer I decided to give them a trial. Six boxes cured me completely."

What Dodd's Kidney Pills have done for Mrs. Savard they have done for thousands of other sufferers in Canada. The daily papers tell of cures made by them every day. They always cure Kidney Disease and Kidney Disease is the cause of nine-tenths of the troubles from which women suffer.

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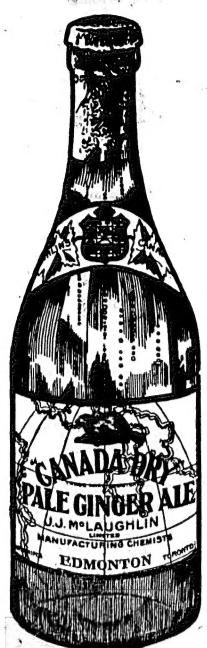
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## HER SKIN SEEMED ON FIRE

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GRANDFATHER, QUE., Jan. 2nd, 1912.  
"My wife was greatly distressed for three years with chronic Eczema on the hands, and the disease was so severe that it almost prevented her from using her hands. The doctor gave her various ointments to use, but none of them did any good. He also advised her to wear rubber gloves and she wore out three pairs without getting any benefit. He then suggested, perhaps, that she try "Fruit-a-lives" and the effect was marvellous. Not only did "Fruit-a-lives" entirely cure the Eczema, but the doctor said she also suffered from, also completely cured."

We both attribute our present good health to "Fruit-a-lives". N. JOUBERT.  
"Fruit-a-lives" will always cure Eczema or Skin Rashes because "Fruit-a-lives" purifies the blood, corrects the Indigestion and Constipation, and tones up the Nervous System.

"Fruit-a-lives" is the only medicine in the world that has fruit juices and valuable tonics, and is the greatest of all blood-purifying remedies.

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## First Election in Yale-Caribou

An Incident Truly Western in its Informality.

By R. B. Bennet in the Canadian Courier

There are those in British Columbia who remember the incident in connection with the first election in Yale-Caribou constituency, represented in the new federal parliament by Hon. Martin Burrill, Minister of Agriculture. The incident was truly western in its informality.

When the Pacific province entered Confederation, Yale-Caribou covered a territory much more extensive even than now. At present it is one of the largest riding in the Dominion, but in the early days it stretched from the Fraser River to the eastern boundary of the province, a vast tract unknown except to the hardy horseman, the pioneer prospector or the railway engineer. In some of the interior valleys, in the Nicola, the Okanagan and the Similkameen, those inclined to the pastoral life had broken away from the army of argonauts bound Caribouwards and taken up land. They were almost the only settlers in that portion of the interior of British Columbia. The route of entry was via Hope just below Yale, at that time head of navigation on the Fraser river, thence over the mountains by pack train.

At the government office at Yale, Mr. Bushby was in charge. The first flush of the Caribou rush begun in 1858, had worn off, but there was still much business with the miners and traders as they

"Oh, yes, election," Bushby recollects, and be-thinking himself, hunted up the printed poster he had received "nominations today" he declared, looking over his spectacles at the recent arrival from the capital, hoping for a denial.

Both got busy, for it was realized that no formal notice had been given of the event. Evidently elections in those days were not received with the noise and clatter that we have grown accustomed to in these modern days.

Finally, Constable George was awakened from his somnolent stretch in the sun and sent down town to round up some of the residents and acquaint them with the fact that the day for preliminary exercise of their new franchise was at hand. He reappeared with the blacksmith and an around-the-towner, the other electors being too busy watching the semi-weekly steamer arrive to bother about representation in a parliament reached only via San Francisco. It was too far away to second consideration. With the officials it was different. They had a duty to perform. Mounting on a chair, Bushby read the proclamation and, as returning officer, declared himself ready to receive nominations.

The two electors discussed the probables, but could not agree upon a suitable candidate.

"What about Col. Houghton?" the around-the-



New Organ Blower (complimenting organist on his proficiency in playing a voluntary): "By the way, I've blown that voluntary before."

passed through, mostly bound north. Life, however, was not so swirling that an official lost his head in the giddy round. Instead, there was plenty of time in which to take things easy. Important business cropped up but seldom.

Unlon with the other provinces had been talked of, and the decision to enter confederation had received its due share of discussion. The arrival of a miner bound out with a competence of gold was a subject to put it in the background. So when the official proclamation of the first election arrived, Bushby passed it over to attend to more pressing matters, and instead of the document being posted where all and sundry might view it, was shoved into a pigeon-hole unnoticed.

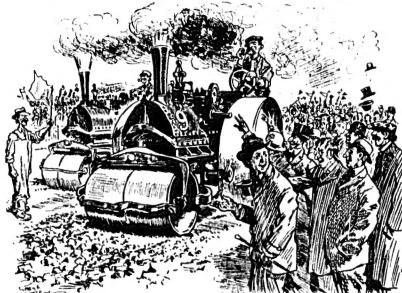
By-and-bye, along came R. B. McMichen, from Victoria. McMichen was inspector of the government telegraph line into the Caribou, purchased by the government from the company that began construction on the great telegraph project overland from New York to Paris, via Behring Strait. Mc-

towner suggested.

Col. Houghton looked likely. He passed through Yale frequently, and was of the kind to do the province credit at the seat of government. At the end of the prescribed time no other name had been received and he was declared elected by acclamation. An onerous duty had been fulfilled.

The nominee's consent was not considered. It was a month or two before he learned of the honor that had been literally thrust upon him but he accepted. It was chronicled in a newspaper paragraph at the time that as Col. Houghton had not received notice in time, Yale-Caribou would not be represented at that session of parliament.

Like all good stories this has a sequel. Breathes there a man who has not done something and later thought of how he could have done it better? It was even so with the around-the-towner. While escorting the blacksmith to the scene of his labor, after the important nomination had been officially



WHEN THE CRAZE FOR SPEED IS OVER  
Record attendance at a road race between two  
steam rollers—Puck.

McMichen was an old friend of Bushby's and the two lobnobbed, discussed the various incidents which enlivened life on the coast in the early seventies.

"How does the election look?" enquired McMichen. Questions then were not much different from now. The world goes on, but constantly repeats.

dealt with, he was jarred into a stature-like attitude by a sudden brain evolution.

"Why didn't I think of it?" he ejaculated.

"What?" ventured the blacksmith.

"If I'd only thought of it," he regretted, "I might have nominated myself, and I would have been elected member."

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G. R. F. KIRKPATRICK, Manager.



"Speakin' of being thrifty," said Hi Buck, "I reckon Cy Watson and his wife that came here from Iowa about takes the prize."

"How's that?" asked the stranger who was waiting in front of the blacksmith shop while his horse was being shod.

"Well, you see Cy and Mirandy wanted to celebrate their silver wedding. They had never celebrated any anniversary before because, as Mirandy told my wife, the silver wedding was the first one where the presents would be worth more than the vituals."

"Even then they worried a good deal for fear everybody would bring pickle-forks or butter-knives. But after a while they hit on an idea that worked first-rate."

"They wrote at the bottom of the invitations, asking the folks not to buy presents until they got there; for the jeweller from Buckeye Bridge would be in the yard with a full line of silverware, and no two pieces alike."

"That was clever," said the stranger. "Picked out their own presents, you might say."

"Yes," said Hi, "but that wasn't the best part of it. We learned afterward they dickered with the jeweller and got him to give them twenty per cent. on all he sold."

"That fellow is too slick for me. Sold me a lot that was two feet under water. I went around to demand my money back."

"Get it?"

"Get nothing! Then he sold me a second-hand gasoline launch and a copy of 'Venetian Life,' by W. D. Howells."

ROBERT

"Maud—'I've something to tell you. I'm engaged to Jack.'"

"Ethel—'I am not surprised. Jack never could say 'no.''"

"Winkleby gazed at the new triplets with fatherly pride, but not a little apprehension in his eye, nevertheless."

"What are you thinking, dear?" asked Mrs. Winkleby, softly.

"Nothing, dear, nothing," he said, falteringly, "only don't you think that it would be wiser for us

## Seasonable Suggestions

A Bottle of fine old  
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EDMONTON

Upson: "He doesn't look very intelligent, does he?"  
Downes: "No; but he knows that two millions

he?"  
and two millions make four millions."—Judge.

A gambler of the Tin Can borrowed a sum from a money lender, and when the note fell due said he could not settle.

"You must settle with the money lender. 'If you don't settle I'll—'

"Eat that not, or I'll let daylight through you!"  
And the money lender crumpled the note into a ball and with a gulp swallowed the pulpy morsel.

"That dose saved your life," said the gambler, in a mollified tone, and the next day he had a streak of luck and paid the money lender in full.

The money lender was much pleased with his honesty, and when the gambler a few weeks later called and asked for a new loan he was readily accommodated.

The gambler, having pocketed the new loan, sat down, dipped a pen in the ink and selected a sheet of paper, wherein to write the usual acknowledgement. But the money lender hastily interposed.

"Hold on, my friend," he said, and he ran to a cupboard.

"Wait a minute, my friend," he said, and

"Wait a minute, my friend. Would you mind writing it on this soda cracker?"

"Go over and cover that big ball," the city editor told the new reporter. "They say that some society women are going to pull off some Oriental dances and there ought to be a good story in it."

The reporter went. When he came back somebody asked him, "How were the Oriental dances?"

"Why—er—well—they—they neared cover-

ing all right," murmured the new reporter, and, blushing, bent over his typewriter.

"Bill—And you asked the father for his daughter's hand in marriage?"

Jill—Yes; last night.

Bill—What did he say?

Jill—He was very angry.

Bill—And what did you do?

Jill—I treated him as I would a king.

Bill—How so?

Jill—Why, I backed out of his presence.

Miss Ann Teek—I'd like to go shopping with you this afternoon, but the dentist is to fix my teeth."

Miss Perl—"Well, can't you shop with me while he's doing it?"

Tom—"She has a remarkably sweet voice."

Dick—"She ought to have. It cost me about 60 pounds of candy in the last six months."

The amateur artist was painting—sunset, red with blue streaks and green dots. The oil rustic, at a respectable distance, was watching.

"Ah," said the artist, looking up suddenly, "perhaps to you, too, nature has opened its sky picture, page by page! Have you seen the lambent flame of dawn leaping across the livid east; the red-stained, sulphurous islets floating in the lake of fire in the west; the ragged clouds at midnight, black as a raven's wing, blotting out the shuddering moon?"

"No," replied the rustic, "not since I gave up drinkin'."

We are assured by Thomas A. Edison that there will be no poverty a hundred years hence. This is comforting, but will it be satisfactory to the bank managers who hold notes due on the 'steenth Inst.—Vancouver Province.

Maud—"I've something to tell you. I'm engaged to Jack."

Ethel—"I am not surprised. Jack never could say 'no.'"

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## "LARKS" IN THE ABBEY

The upbringing of the royal family of England has been so wholesome and unaffected that the young princes and their sister are thoroughly normal youngsters. Their behavior during the brilliant and pompous ceremony of the coronation gave the needed touch of humor and naturalness to the occasion.

In Scribner's Magazine Mrs. Mary King Waddington writes that the younger brothers, absorbed in watching the Prince of Wales, in his unaccustomed finery, making obeisance to the King, leaned so far out over the edge of the royal box that they would have fallen off the floor of the abbey if their aunts had not firmly grasped them by their tightly stretched trousers.

When the Princess Mary and the three boys passed their older brother on leaving the abbey, the princess dropped him a pretty little courtesy, and his two next brothers, Albert and Henry, made very proper bows.

The last one, instead of bowing, gave him a kick on the shins. Apparently, this was resented as soon as they left the abbey, for some of our friends, who were standing on the pavement w'en the children, with no tutor or governess, passed in their carriage, said that there was a free fight going on, with kicks and cuff, that the Princess Mary with one hand was trying to separate the combatants and with the other holding on her crown, and that the delighted crowd was calling out:

"Go it, young 'un! Go it! Give it him!"

## PAYING FOR THE AUTO

"We must have a car!" declared Mother.

"Those upstart De Peysters have one."

"We'll pay for it some way or other."

As everyone seems to have done."

Poor Father demurred, but quite vainly.

For Mother was hot on his trail, So Pa bought the motor, a big yellow bloatar,

That looked like the overland mail.

Then Ma and the girls started touring,

While Pa gave his trousers a yank,

And hustled like crazy securing Extension of time from the bank.

He mortgaged the farm and the horses,

He mortgaged the oats and the hay;

The chickens he'd wake up and give them a shake-up.

To make them lay twice in one day.

He took brother Jim out of college,

And set him to work with a flail,

For money is worth more than knowledge

When debts must be met without fail.

Poor Pa slaved from Monday till Monday,

And got up each morn with the sun

To pay for the motor Ma wanted to tote her

Because the De Peysters had one.

—William Wallace Whitelock in New York Times.

## Turner's Orchestra

FOR BANDS ETC.  
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Dr. Talmage, the famous American preacher, left an autobiography which will be published in Great Britain during the spring by Murray's



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## JASPER'S NOTE BOOK

Continued From Page One

Those who have passed through the little mining town of Frank at the entrance to the Crow's Nest Pass and viewed the great mass of rock which overwhelmed half of the community in 1903, burying the houses and their sleeping occupants more completely than the lava from Vesuvius did the people of Pompeii and Herculaneum, will be very much interested in the situation that has arisen there.

Last summer Mr. Brock of the Geological Survey gave it as his opinion that the part of Turtle Mountain that did not come down with the great avalanche was in such a condition that the part of the town that remains might any day be overwhelmed.

The people themselves scorned the idea. But a commission was appointed by the government which has very largely confirmed Mr. Brock's findings and has urged that the town should be moved.

One must sympathize with the men and women who may be thus forced to give up the homes that they have established after years of effort. And the effect on the coal mining enterprise which is the sole reason for the town's existence is, of course, ruinous. It represents an investment of two million dollars.

## RECEPTION DAYS

Mrs. Buleya will receive on Thursday, March 21, from five to six o'clock.

Mrs. Williamson Taylor will be at home at 746 Twenty-Fourth Street on Monday, March 18 and afterwards the third Monday of the month.

The engagement is announced of Miss Marion MacKay, only daughter of the late W. K. MacKay to Mr. A. Howard Cameron of Fitzhugh. The marriage will take place early in June.

Mrs. S. J. Robertson, suite 401 Alexandra Block will receive on Wednesday, March 20. Miss MacKay will receive with Mrs. Robertson.

## A BANKRUPT'S ADVENTUROUS CAREER

Romantic adventures in the career of Donald Francis Charles Steuart-Selon were described during his public examination in the London Bankruptcy Court. He stated that 15 or 16 years ago he was cattle ranching in Montana. His father died in 1884 and when debtor came of age about 18 years ago he received from his trustees £25,000, but after a year in London he ran through the greater part of it. He bought a share in the Montana ranch for £5,000, and sold out two years later for £1,200. Next he bought a share in the Green River Valley (mining claim) and got out with a profit of £800, and as his share of the sale \$1,800.

He was next ranching for eleven months at El Paso, New Mexico, and then fitted out a treasure-hunting expedition for Yucatan, Central America. This lasted five months, and he drifted back to New Orleans with no means whatever. Then he went to Australia, and spent two months pea-fishing at some islands north of the Carolinian Islands. The pearls he took to San Francisco, and sold for £6,000, and in a few days cleared £11,000. He went to New York and put £9,000 into an expedition to produce a revolution in Honduras. He lost his money. In 1896 he was in Matabeleland trading and cleared about £7,000. He joined the Buwaya Field Force in the Matabele revolt, and going to Angola, Portuguese West Africa, made £1,500 trading.

He returned to England ill in 1898; next he tried British Columbia, and gave £2,000 for land at Cariboo Creek and found his land mineral value. He commenced to write short stories, and lost £1,500 on working a betting system. In 1909 he began to develop his Vancouver land, which was becoming of value for timber purposes. He mortgaged the land for £3,000, and put the £1,000 of his own into clearing the land, erecting saw mills, etc. The mills produced a profit of £20 per mill per quarter, but in August, 1911, a forest fire burnt out the whole of his claim. The mortgage foreclosed, and debtor's interest was entirely gone. He turned to an aviation scheme in Budge Row, which lacked capital and an option on a mine in Colorado, which fell through. His liabilities (£4,200) were mostly to moneylenders.

## SAYS SALESMEN TIRE OF THE ROAD

"I suppose every man who works for a firm or corporation, wants to get into something else has dreams of some other line of endeavor which will bring to him wealth and contentment," observed George Moore of New York, in the Detroit Free Press. "I am one of the mighty army, and I can tell you that life on the road is getting tiresome. To some the travelling man has a perfect snap, calling on a high class of men, riding in the best trains and stopping at first-class hotels, but after years of it you look for the comforts of home."

"Sundays are long days because there is no work that can be done, and you are a long way from the folk you like, but it can't be helped. Again you find yourself at some country hotel on a holiday, and this is the worst of it all."

"The average travelling man has the farm bug badly. He kills time while going from city to city by looking at the farms and wishing he owned this one or that. He has no knowledge of the farm, but he has an idea that he would be a rip-snorter in a suit of overalls, and not a few of them are trying it. I wouldn't mind it myself, although I would not know a potato plant from a raspberry bush."



At the Opening of Parliament

Sir Wilfrid Laurier escorting Lady Laurier into the Parliament Buildings for the Formal Opening.

## "GEORGIA CRACKER" DISAPPEARING FAST

That the many improvements, inventions and innovations of this modern age are changing the character of the "Georgia cracker" and that the next generation will see the passing of this picturesque figure so closely associated with the life and literature of Georgia, is the opinion of Patrick Pettibone, a man whose business takes him through the various counties of the state.

The term "cracker" is said to have originated from the practice of the drivers of teams from the country of cracking their long whips, residents of the towns first applying it to them and then to all of those living in the backwoods regions of the state. However it originated, every Georgian knows what a "cracker" means as applied in its present significance to any one, just as in other sections the term "rub" or "hill billy" is used.

It used to be considered that a "wire-grass cracker" was just about the worst sort of a cracker that could be found anywhere, but with the wonderful changes that have taken place in the wire-grass region in the past few years, it is said to be getting very hard to find a bona fide one.

Many of the old Georgia crackers were illiterate, but the introduction of the present system of county schools has done away with all that. The younger generation is getting good, practical education. Rural free delivery brings the mails to the door and a daily paper keeps a household up with the latest news of the day. Women keep up with modern styles. Telephones put neighborhoods in constant communication with each other. Good roads bring automobiles and teams constantly by doors, where before it was a rarity to see even a wagon pass, and these same good roads enable a farmer to carry his family often into the nearby towns, so they have more opportunity to see what is going on and being done by the residents.

New railroads are being built and many more proposed. The boys are learning scientific farming and girls scientific cooking, besides many other modern innovations, and in twenty-five years from now the "wire-grass cracker" bids fair to be an extinct species, or there will be only a few rare specimens left, which will be regarded as curiosities.



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An extra good value Corset Cover, made of fine English Cotton, round yoke, back and front of handsome embroidery insertion, finished with lace edge and lace binding threaded with bobo ribbon. All sizes PRICE..... 65c

## Women's Drawers Well Worth 75c

This is the opinion formed at a glance and remained the same. Made in umbrella style of fine Cotton; trimmed with frill of Nainsook, edged with lace and insertion. All sizes SPECIAL..... 75c

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Women's Night Gowns in the popular Slip-over style, made of fine English Cotton, made with round neck, finished with Swiss border and ribbon. Neck and (short) sleeves finished with frill of embroidery. SPECIAL VALUES AT..... 1.10 to 1.95

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PRIZE	7 9 22 5 14	PRIZE
1 23 1 25		

## GIVEN AWAY

And in any other Prize according to the simple Conditions of the Contest (which will be sent). Each one of the above listed figures spells a word. This most interesting puzzle can be solved with a little study, for it is not two words in the alphabet, B, D, E, G, H, I, K, L, M, N, O, P, R, S, T, U, V, W, X, Y, Z, but four words instead of letters. Letter A is number 1, B

USE YOUR BRAINS. Try and make out the four words. ACT QUICKLY. Write to us and we will write you at once, telling you all about it. You may win a valuable prize.

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